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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1859.

Sketchings.

THE ROSETTA STONE.

ILLUMINATED LITHO-CHROMATIC VOLUME ON THE ROSETTA STONE.*

A BEAUTIFUL and remarkable quarto volume, of one hundred and sixty pages, has been recently published in Philadelphia, which combines, in an uncommon degree, the interest derived from curious antiquarian researches in the hieroglyphic lore of ancient Egypt, and the artistic application of one of the most attractive of the modern fine arts, that of chromatic lithography, in illustrating and ornamenting them. It is also remarkable as being the production, in every part, of three young gentlemen of the Philomathean Society, a literary association of the University of Pennsylvania, executed by themselves, "as a labor of love," not only in the philological examination and literary exposition of the subject, but in the design and actual completion, on the stone, of the numerous illuminations, and the accompanying text.

The discovery of the Rosetta Stone was one of those strange accidents which suddenly pour a flood of light on the darkness of ages. Like the marble tablet, found in the small island of Paros, which opened to us the chronology of Greece for thirteen centuries, or the similar fragments excavated from beneath the Roman Forum, which give us the annals of the great republic from the days of the elder Brutus to those of Augustus; this small tablet of black basalt has removed the mystery, impenetrable for thousands of years, which hung around the innumerable monuments that have excited the wonder and baffled the curiosity of travellers, of every age and from every country, who have visited the valley of the Nile.

Through a period of more than two thousand years—from the days of Herodotus to the beginning of the present century—Egypt has been visited by innumerable travellers, curious and intelligent, who, from the coast of the Mediterranean up to the second cataract of the Nile, and even beyond it, embracing a distance of a thousand miles, had seen city after city and town after town lining the shores of that remarkable river, and presenting monuments of astonishing grandeur, even in their ruins, through this long extent. Lofty obelisks, temples of gigantic proportions, palaces, tombs, propylæa, columns, and statues, showed by their artistic character that they had been the works of the inhabitants, as generations succeeded one to another, from the days of the early Pharaohs to those of the Roman Cæsars. They displayed, almost without an exception, bas-reliefs or paintings which portrayed, in a striking manner, deities, sovereigns, illustrious persons, remarkable events, foreign wars and domestic incidents—everything that goes to make up the history of a nation through a series of generations. The amazing dryness and clearness of the atmosphere preserved, for century after century, the sharp and flowing lines of sculpture, and the bright as well as delicate colors and outlines

of the paintings, even of those exposed to the open air, as distinct and beautiful as when they were first executed.

But how, in the lapse of time, from these sculptures and paintings, perfect as they were, was to be traced the history of the events they commemorated; or how could be recognized the particular sovereigns or individuals whose actions they were intended to record and preserve? From the earliest to the latest of these records—from the first to the last of these monuments—this difficulty was obviated by those who erected them. An inscription, carved or painted, with the same neatness and care as the figures themselves, told with distinctness the names of the persons and the events which were delineated. This inscription every traveller could see who looked upon the sculpture or painting by the side of which it was placed. Time and climate had done no more harm to one than to the other. Even now the sharp and bold outlines of the figures and features of Amunoph or Rhameses are not more distinct than the letters which disclose their names and describe their actions.

Yet for two thousand years were these inscriptions illegible to those who gazed upon them. Their meanings were known only to the mysterious priesthood under whose eyes they were executed, and who preserved them as a sacred secret, so long as it continued to exist itself, and then suffered them to be buried in ignorance when its own rites and power were overthrown. Intelligent and inquiring travellers in Egypt, who gazed upon them when they were still in actual use, with every desire to know their meaning, have left us nothing but conjecture, or some fragments of knowledge in regard to them which their ingenuity enabled them to obtain. Missionaries, and mediæval and even modern scholars and travellers, who could master the Hindoo, the Chinese, even the rude Indian languages, could furnish us with nothing but vague and conjectural interpretations of that language which offered to their eyes so many and such striking examples, illustrated, too, with accompanying and graphic delineations of the incidents it related.

Herodotus, the earliest and the most curious of travellers and historians, was domesticated among the Theban priesthood, and has described the customs, the monuments, and the features of Egypt with extreme minuteness, and speaks of this mysterious language, but gives no intimation of its meaning. Plato, who resided in Egypt to familiarize himself especially with the learning of its priesthood, and who refers more than once to their language, appears never himself to have comprehended their hieroglyphic writing. The obelisks, transported by the emperors from Egypt to Rome, were covered with inscriptions relating to Egyptian sovereigns and their acts and history; they stood conspicuous in the most public places, where every letter and character upon them could be clearly and easily read; yet the descriptions of them by Pliny and Ammianus—scholars fond of patient research—betray a total ignorance of the language in which the inscriptions were recorded. And so, through the long period of fifteen succeeding centuries, though frequent references to this mysterious language are to be found, no accurate knowledge of its meaning is ever exhibited. Occasional explanations of particular signs, sometimes perhaps correct from accident; happy conjecture, tradition or partial knowledge, are not indeed altogether wanting, but down to the time when Napoleon carried to Egypt his company of accomplished and inquiring French scholars and men of science—a period of more than two thousand years after the hieroglyphic inscriptions are mentioned in authentic history—they had not been and could not be translated. The patient labors and investiga-

* Report of the committee appointed by the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania [Charles R. Hale, S. Huntington Jones, and Henry Morton], to translate the inscription on the Rosetta Stone. Second Edition. Philadelphia, 1859.

tions of the French savans transmitted to Paris copies of numerous hieroglyphic inscriptions; they formed a considerable part of the remarkable storehouse of Egyptian knowledge, which still remains among the most brilliant examples of antiquarian, geographical, and scientific research that the world has ever witnessed; but the eye of the reader gazed upon and turned over those pages in vain; no key or clue enabled him to penetrate their latent meaning.

In the month of August, 1799, when the French savans had completed their researches, and Napoleon himself had closed his campaign and returned to France, M. Boussard, an officer of engineers in the detachment of the French army which was left to protect the important post of Rosetta, at the western mouth of the Nile, was engaged in erecting a redoubt on the bank of the river a few miles below the town, near, or probably on, the sight of the ancient Bolbitine, a city existing in the time of the Egyptian Pharaohs. In the course of the excavations for this purpose, a large fragment of an oblong square slab of black syenitic basalt was discovered. With the zeal, in regard to antiquarian and scientific objects, which characterized so many of the French officers in Egypt, it was carefully preserved and removed, although it was apparent that it was a fragment only of the original monument. On examination, it was found to exhibit a monumental inscription, thrice repeated; first, in the hieroglyphic or sacred language of the Egyptian priesthood; secondly, in the demotic or popular language of the Egyptian people; and thirdly, in the Greek language, which was used by the Egyptian sovereigns of the Ptolemaic dynasty. From the last of these texts, it readily appeared that it was a decree of the Egyptian priesthood, assembled at Memphis, which contained a recital by them of numerous beneficent acts of Ptolemy Epiphanes, the reigning sovereign; a recapitulation of historical incidents connected with his government, and a recognition, in his person, of the highest honors of the Pharaohs. It also appeared that it was the same decree, written in each of the three languages, and that it was thus permanently recorded in stone, to be transmitted to and preserved in temples throughout the kingdom. The great value of the tablet was therefore immediately perceived, even fragmentary as it was, for unfortunately a large portion of its upper part, which contained the hieroglyphic text, had been broken off, and was never found.

After copies had been made as carefully as possible, and impressions of the inscriptions had been taken from their face with printing-ink, the tablet was carefully packed up to be transmitted to Paris. But when the French army finally capitulated, on the 17th of September, 1801, a clause was introduced into the convention which stipulated that the statues and other collections which had been made for the French Republic, should be placed at the disposition of the generals of the combined British and Ottoman armies. By virtue of this stipulation, the Tablet of Rosetta was placed in the British Museum instead of the Louvre.

The philologists and antiquarians of Europe—the French, the British, the Italian, the German, the Swedish—were at once aware of the value of the prize, and believed that the key to the hieroglyphic language was at last obtained. Yet twenty long years were still destined to elapse before this was accomplished. The inscription in Greek naturally presented itself as the first and easy object of explanation; it was at once carefully examined, and Porson, in England, and Heyne, in Germany, established a corrected reading, which has received the general assent of scholars. The inscription in the demotic text—the

popular written language of ancient Egypt—received the particular investigation of De Sauley of France and Akerblad of Sweden, and several other eminent philologists, though with only partial success. At length, in 1814, Dr. Young, of England, offered to the world his "Conjectural Translation of the Egyptian Inscription on the Rosetta Stone," which was not, however, a translation of the inscription, but of some of the signs and groups of signs which it exhibited. He established the important fact that the hieroglyphic characters were not symbolical, as had been before believed; and he declared them to be syllabic, each sign representing a syllable, and groups of several syllabic signs forming a word. He thus succeeded, for the first time, in giving us the correct meaning of five hieroglyphic words. His system, however, was wrong, and could not lead to a correct, or indeed to any continuous translation of the inscription. The hieroglyphic characters were neither syllabic nor symbolical, but in reality alphabetical. This discovery it was reserved to a young scholar in a college at Grenoble, in a remote corner of the south of France, to make by patient and secluded investigations of the three texts, aided by comparisons with other published Egyptian inscriptions.

In the year 1807, being then but sixteen years of age, Jean Francois Champollion, had already mastered the Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, and Arabic languages, and had eagerly devoured all that had come to light, from the researches of the French expedition, in regard to the antiquities of Egypt. At that epoch of his life, he received from London an engraved transcript of the inscriptions on the Rosetta Tablet. His zeal was at once fired with the determination to penetrate into the secret of the hieroglyphic writing. After fifteen years of study, he repaired to Paris, taking with him a letter which he addressed to M. Dacier, an amiable, learned, and distinguished member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and read it before that body. In this letter he announced his conclusion that the hieroglyphic characters were neither symbolical nor syllabic, but alphabetical signs, and that each sign represented a letter of the ancient Egyptian language, which all philologists concurred in considering to be mainly identical with the Coptic language, which, in changing its letters, had not changed the meaning or grammatical construction of its words. He verified the correctness of his theory by announcing the hieroglyphic signs which represent thirteen of the letters, found in several proper names, and which successfully explained the same characters inscribed on various monuments. The academy hailed with admiration the long desired discovery, and awaited with confidence the application of the same principle to signs and words, other than those of proper names, so that every letter of the Coptic or ancient Egyptian language should have its corresponding letter in the hieroglyphic alphabet. Two years afterwards, in the year 1824, this was done. Champollion published his "Notice of the Hieroglyphical System of the Ancient Egyptians," in which he gave the corresponding Coptic letter for more than eight hundred hieroglyphic signs, showing that there were many signs to represent the same Coptic letter, but that as every hieroglyphic character was the image of a physical object, it represented that Coptic letter with which the name of the object commenced. His crowning work, however, still remained to be done. He had yet to place the hieroglyphic language on the basis of other languages, by furnishing the student with its complete construction and vocabulary. He undertook to form a grammar and dictionary. By constant industry, these were completed in the year 1832, just as the hand of

death summoned him—too early for science—from his earthly labors. In his last moments, he delivered the volumes, beautifully written in his own hand, and with his latest corrections, to his brother, who watched by his side, saying to him as he did so, “*Serrez-la soigneusement; j’espère qu’elle sera ma carte de visite à la postérité.*”

In the year 1856, Mr. Thomas K. Conrad, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and a member of the Philomathean Society, a literary association in that institution, being in London, obtained a fac-simile in plaster of the Rosetta Stone, which he transmitted to the United States, and presented to the Philomathean Society. Notwithstanding the singular interest attracted to that monument, and the amazing results which had sprung from its discovery, and the important place which it held among the treasures of the British Museum, no complete version of its three inscriptions into the English language had ever been made. Indeed, the only English version which could be regarded as authentic, was that of the Greek text, a work of utility, indeed, but, after the amendments of Porson and Heyne, of no difficulty. It was in the demotic and hieroglyphic inscriptions, which preserved to us the actual language of ancient Egypt, as written and read in the former by the people, and in the latter by the priests, that all the interest attached to the Tablet centred. This was especially the case with the hieroglyphic inscription, for it was by this alone that we could hope to be enabled, at last, to read and understand that written form of the same language, which, and which only, is so profusely spread over the monuments on the banks of the Nile.

Of the demotic inscription no translation into any modern language had been made, for the comparison, purely mechanical, with the exception of a few proper names, between the demotic and Greek texts, which Dr. Young published, has no pretension to be, or even to lead the way to, a translation; however, it may be entitled to notice as a step in conjectural investigation. The study and attempted construction of the grammar and vocabulary of the demotic language, commenced by De Sauley and Akerblad, soon after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, had been indeed prosecuted with success by De Sauley, Champollion, and Brugsch; but, with the exception of a version into Latin of eight lines, published by the former, none of these scholars had applied the results of their studies to a translation of this inscription.

Of the hieroglyphic inscription, no attempt at a translation into English appears to have been made until the year 1854, for Dr. Young's mechanical comparison of its words with those of the Greek text, was even more fallacious, and, if possible, more useless than his similar proceeding in the case of the demotic. In that year, Mr. Osburn, an English Egyptologist, gave to the world a minute English version of the hieroglyphic inscription, in which he assigned the value, in the Coptic language, of each character and group in the hieroglyphics. Though framed generally upon the basis of Champollion's grammar and dictionary, and investigated with diligence and enthusiasm, this translation has not received the entire approval of students and scholars in the hieroglyphic language, and it has been regarded rather as an ingenious essay towards a correct English version, than one that is complete. The only other version that has been made into any language, and yet published, is that of a young but already much distinguished student of ancient Egyptian philology, at Berlin, Mr. Henry Brugsch, who has given to the system of Champollion the invaluable support of extended application in several published notes, among which is a translation

of this inscription into Latin, rather brief indeed, and deficient in explanation, but highly important alike for suggestion and comparison.

When the fac-simile of the Rosetta Stone was received from Mr. Conrad, by the youthful students of the Philomathean Society at Philadelphia, the idea suggested itself to them, and was seized with enthusiasm, to prepare by their own studies and researches a full and careful translation into the English language of the three inscriptions, as they existed on the monument, to accompany the translation with notes and explanations, philological and historical; and to present to the literary and antiquarian world, for the first time, that complete work which it had been awaiting and expecting for more than fifty years. A committee of three young gentlemen, members of the Society, and all at that time undergraduates in the university of Pennsylvania, were selected by the Society to perform this task. They readily and enthusiastically undertook it. They were, Mr. Charles R. Hale, Mr. S. Huntington Jones, and Mr. Henry Morton, all of the city of Philadelphia. Though mutually assisting each other throughout, they divided and appropriated their labors into three parts. Mr. Hale undertook the version and philological illustration of the Greek and demotic inscriptions; Mr. Jones prepared the historical explanations which were necessary to the elucidation of the subject; and Mr. Morton assumed the task of a translation of the hieroglyphic text, letter by letter, sign by sign, so that his explanation might be verified at every step; and as a translation so made, necessarily pursued not the English but the Egyptian order, from the words being written from right to left, it was to be followed by a connected transcript of the whole.

In pursuance of this arrangement, the translation of the Greek inscription was made by Mr. Hale directly from the original, though it was compared with that of other translators; and in parts of the original, where defects existed, he offered conjectural restorations of his own. In the translation of the demotic inscription, Mr. Hale had not, as we have already stated, the benefit of any previous version, except of particular passages reprinted into French or Latin by De Sauley and Brugsch, who do not themselves always concur, so that this translation has the merit—subject to the judgment which Egyptian philologists may pass upon it—of being the first completed essay in the elucidation of the most remarkable and valuable document written in this buried and intricate language. In the translation of the hieroglyphic inscription, Mr. Morton may justly claim to have made an entirely new and independent version, from the original hieroglyphics, having assigned to every one of the characters its separate meaning, and verified in every instance that which he has adopted, by clear, minute, and admirable notes. He has based his translation on Champollion's dictionary and grammar, aided by other and industrious studies of his own, in hieroglyphic literature and history; and while he acknowledges, with graceful modesty, the assistance he has derived from other works, especially those of Bunsen, of Brugsch, and in one instance, at least, of Osburn, he, like his young colleague, Mr. Hale, leaves his version to take its place, as the result of his own labor and study, among similar works, according to the merit which those most competent to judge, shall, after examination, assign to it.

It was among the last acts of the most illustrious man of Science of our times—the late Alexander Von Humboldt—even after age had made so difficult the use of his hands, that writing was an effort to him in which he seldom voluntarily engaged,

to address to Mr. Hale, and through him to his co-laborers, Mr. Jones and Mr. Morton, a letter in which he greets, as he says, their conscientious work. The letter, in his tremulous and almost illegible manuscript, is dated at Berlin, on the 12th of March, 1859, less than two months before his death, and, while he recognizes the importance of the undertaking as an historical monument, he proclaims it especially worthy of praise as an essay at independent investigation, offered by the literary spirit and enterprise of the New Continent. "It is in its national aspect," he says, "that I especially hail this independent undertaking."

When these literary and antiquarian labors were accomplished, and the translations and commentaries, historical and critical, were completed, and their report made to the Philomathean Society, the translators believed that, abstruse and novel as the subject seemed to be, it might be so presented to the community also, as to attract its attention, and probably receive its favor. At all events, it might be found to have some charm from being the conscientious work of hours seized in the intervals of collegiate studies; the interest of novelty was at least attached to it; and the fascination which its authors had themselves found, in their tranquil devotion to a labor purely literary, led them to hope that there might be something of a corresponding sympathy among those of congenial tastes. The necessity of using the ancient Egyptian characters—demotic and hieroglyphic—of which no types existed, made it at once apparent to them, that if such a plan of publication should be resolved upon, it could only be accomplished by the use of lithography; and it was equally apparent, that even this could be successfully executed only by hands familiar with the complicated and curious signs which constitute those languages.

Each member of the committee, therefore, undertook to write upon stone his own portion of the work. The Greek, the demotic, and the hieroglyphic texts have thus been faithfully and patiently copied, in their respective characters, while the English version and notes are fac-similes of the handwriting of the translators. Especially have the hieroglyphic signs been represented with remarkable perspicuity, truth and beauty, so that in these respects they may well bear comparison with the manuscripts of Champollion, which, by their singular accuracy and clearness of outline, have always attracted the greatest admiration. An alphabet of hieroglyphic signs, written by Mr. Morton, presents all the various characters on the Rosetta Stone, with the corresponding letter of the English alphabet; and Mr. Hale has, with equal care, annexed to his translation of the demotic inscription, nearly one hundred demotic signs, and given to each its appropriate English, and in most instances, Coptic letter.

One more feature of great originality and beauty remains to be noticed; for it greatly contributes both to the interest and elegance of this volume. When it became apparent that it must be a manuscript—for every letter and word are written by hand upon the stone—it occurred to the translators that the system of illumination which adds so much to the beauty of many ancient manuscripts, might be appropriately introduced; and the more so, because besides its mere attractiveness, it would offer the means of presenting a delineation of many objects which throw light upon expressions used in the Tablet; and also of representing illustrative scenes and events, historical and domestic, copied from the ancient Egyptian paintings and inscriptions; and elucidating the geography, climate, natural history, manners and customs of the country, at the time when

Ptolemy Epiphanes, the Pharaoh of the Rosetta Stone, was the sovereign of upper and lower Egypt.

This task, requiring in the design so much taste and variety, and so much skill in execution, was undertaken by Mr. Morton, in addition to his philological labors. He adopted the plan of chromatic lithography. By this he has been able to give a great and rich variety of color to the illuminations, profusely scattered through the volume, all designed and executed by himself. He has succeeded in producing one of the most beautiful examples of this truly elegant art that we have ever seen. No less than one hundred and four pages are thus richly adorned. Sometimes the whole page is occupied with the picture; at others, the margins are illustrated with graceful designs. In no instance are these designs repeated, but a remarkable originality of invention, always looking, however, to the same general feature of Egyptian illustration, gives a variety that makes every page attractive. The monuments, columns, cornices, and architectural ornaments, in the peculiar style of ancient Egypt, and as they yet meet the eye of the wandering traveller on the banks of the Nile; the statues of gods, of sovereigns, and of sphinxes; the bright pictures of military events and religious ceremonies, painted upon the walls of the temples; the domestic scenes, often humorous, which are portrayed in the numerous tombs; the curious emblems of priests and warriors; the coins and rings; the sacred animals—the bull, the crocodile, and the ibis; the flowers and plants, with their delicate and gorgeous hues—everything, in a word, which we can recall as characteristic and illustrative of the antiquities of Egypt, is happily and tastefully introduced in the course of Mr. Morton's numerous and various illuminations. The colors, from the softest shades of blue and green to the deepest hues of scarlet, yellow, and bronze, are managed with true artistic skill and taste; and gilded representations of particular trophies are occasionally intermingled, having allusion to different passages in the decree of the Memphian priesthood.

Had the volume of which we have given this general notice been the work of philologists and antiquarians, skilled in the lore of ancient Egypt, and in the elucidation of such literary monuments as these inscriptions on the Rosetta Stone, we do not doubt that it would take a prominent place among works of that class of research. Had this happy use of Chromatic Lithography, applied to so vast a variety of original, tasteful and beautiful designs, emanated from the studio of a professional artist and practised lithographer, we feel confident that it would be accepted as a production, in that line of Art, of more than usual beauty and merit. But when it is thus modestly presented to the world by three youthful students, accomplished by their own intelligence, study, labor, and taste, unheralded, and seeking only to rely for the notice and judgment of the community, upon its own intrinsic merits, we do not fear to concur with the illustrious Humboldt, in greeting its appearance as an essay, offered by the literature and taste of the new world, especially worthy of praise.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. SECOND NOTICE.

EXHIBITIONS do not display the merits of particular works of Art and the progress of individual artists so much as they do the nature of public taste, or rather the character of artistic thought which the public chooses to manifest through its encouragement of Art. From this point of view much may be learned by an exhibition. The public can judge itself as well as the artist, and instead of works of Art being estimated

wholly by caprice or dogmatic standards, they can be studied in connection with the various influences that affect the progress of Art in the community. It is a mistake to suppose that artists are free to paint what pleases them best—that the fault is theirs if we do not have the highest thought in Art. The truth is, that artists are compelled to meet the public by consulting its likes and dislikes. We know of several artists, though capable of better things, obliged to paint portraits when they would prefer to give the public landscapes, and landscapes, when they would enjoy their art much more in figures. And rarely is it the case that a noble thought or symbol, embodied with the greatest skill, finds that sympathy which common subjects are sure to excite, when set before us with the same, or even less power. Artists must live like other people, and to obtain support must sacrifice personal ideals for the ideal of those who employ them. Raphael himself was sometimes not allowed to produce his beautiful Madonna subjects, except at the cost of introducing into the Virgin's company the hideous portrait of the devout patron who commissioned him to paint the picture. The greatest eras of Art show the action and reaction of artistic skill and public sympathy upon each other. Artists feel the pressure of the conditions which they are obliged to conform to, and those feel it most who are truest to their own aspirations.

Public criticism of Art is wholly useless, unless it can show, or aim to show, the relation of the original Art produced in a community to that community itself—that is to say, set forth some principles of Art by which that community may estimate, in the works of its artists, its own feeling and aspiration. There is no absolute standard of criticism; if there ever was one, it has become degraded into tests of technical skill, or into systems of theoretical conceits; the acceptance of these by the public is due to its own ignorance rather than to the comprehension of principles; or to the superficial ability of the critic, who is generally rhetorically clever, and always more vain of his theory than sensitive to any positive artistic embodiment of truth or beauty that crosses his path. Criticism took its rise in admiration; it originated with *lovers* of Art, not *judges*; it aimed to quicken the perceptions of beauty, not to set forth defects. It is only the conceited critics of modern times who have become judges; they arraign artists and authors at the bar of self-constituted courts, and in addressing the public as a jury, inflict upon it long-winded charges, in which the literary or artistic community recognize no signs of justice or fair play. One of the most glaring instances of this, in the literary world, is the effort of that rhetorical pyrotechnist, Macaulay, to judge the gigantic genius of Bacon. Ruskin tried to concoct a code of critical laws, and finally, prompted by a natural burst of his honest nature, was compelled to take refuge in an exclamation—"God help you if you cannot see it!" The truth is, that no system for the governance of the critic can be established. Tastes, sympathies, and perceptions differ. Feeling, which Art alone deals with, is a matter of organization, and Art is only a material expression of subtle and fleeting feeling; this expression is one that appeals to kindred sentiment, and when put before us with any degree of power, is wholly beyond the confines of intellectual analysis. If we recognize the adequate expression of an artist's subject, so far good; we may not be content with *his* selection of a subject, but we may with his technical skill; if we entertain no sympathy for the sentiment of his subject, we, as *critics of his labor*, have no right to judge his taste or capacity by our own predi-

lections. We may speak of the nature of his subject as we please, for subjects are common property.

Hegel, in his philosophy of Art, states that three principles have been adopted as a basis for certain systems of criticism, and these are known by the terms *imitation*, *expression*, and *moral-perfection*. There is a fourth, called *beauty*, which is the true end of Art. The first three terms are easily comprehended; the fourth is not. We will give an abstract of his definition of the first three terms. Imitation is a literal representation of an object; it is the basis of almost all theories of Art. But of what use is it to reproduce what nature offers to our eye on every side? Why give us puerile labor, the result of which is to show the impotence and vanity of the effort, since the copy must always be inferior to the original? What pleases us, is not to imitate, but to create; the smallest invention surpasses all the master-pieces of imitation. Expression comes next. The aim of expression is, not to represent the exterior form of things, but their internal and living principle, and in particular, the ideas, the sentiments, the passions, and the situations of the soul. As a basis of critical theory, this is an improvement upon imitation, but it does not meet all the requirements of a critical theory. It has for its maxim, Art for itself—*l'Art pour l'Art*. So long as a picture is faithful to forms, its expression lively and animated, it is of no consequence, according to the theory of expression, whether it portray the good or the bad, the vicious or the hideous, the ugly or the beautiful; immoral, licentious, impious, it matters not—the artist will have fulfilled his task, and have attained perfection, so soon as he faithfully renders a situation, a passion, or a true or a false idea. The bad influence which this principle has exercised upon Art is easily recognized. It has made the artist the slave rather than the master of his art. The third system is that of moral perfection. "It cannot be denied that the effect of Art is to soften and to purify manners. In offering man as a spectacle to himself, the coarseness of his desires and passions becomes tempered; he is disposed to contemplation and to reflection; his thought and sentiments are elevated to ideas of a superior order by a glimpse of a moral ideal. Art has at all times been regarded as a powerful instrument of civilization, as an auxiliary of religion, and is, with her, the first institutor of peoples. It is, furthermore, a means of instruction for minds incapable of comprehending truth otherwise than under the symbol of images, which address themselves to the senses as well as to the spirit." But Art goes one step beyond; the true end of Art is beauty, the harmonious climax of the good and the true. But here we get into metaphysical regions and beyond the limitative significance of words. There is always more or less beauty in a work of art of any degree of skillful execution, and what we are able to enjoy depends first upon our organization, and secondly upon our culture.

Imitation, as one of the qualities of Art, is the feeblest element of beauty; it is on a par with machine-labor, and, in literature, is akin to grammatical correctness of language when devoted to commonplace thoughts. Beauty, as we understand it, is revealed by other media. In portraiture, it is not merely correct drawing of features, but it is spirit, vivacity and character that impress us with a sense of beauty. Elliott's portraits, for instance, in the present exhibition, illustrate this point. An exaggeration of color is overlooked in admiration of the qualities of manly dignity and vivacity, which are traits of beauty. Healy's portraits please because they express life, movement; a tendency to attitudinize his subjects proceeds from excess of

power in this respect. The portraits of Huntington, Gray, Baker, Ingham, Stone, Staigs, Darby, Lambdin, Loop, and Carpenter, excel in truth or refinement of character, having more or less power in color and drawing. All of the artists named, exemplify drawing, which is a prime condition of a good picture, and a foundation for beauty. Saintin is especially remarkable for character and for being a fine draughtsman. Drawing, however, can be unexceptionable and yet not be beautiful. There are well-drawn portraits in the present exhibition which are lifeless, and without any expression of manly attributes.

Beauty, as revealed in landscape art, is perhaps of a more subtle nature. The charm of light, the sense of space, the harmony and propriety of forms, the qualities of atmosphere, the activity of the elements, are all sources of beauty. Pictures having these qualities may be large or small, they may represent mountain or dale, meadow or streamlet—they are not any more or less excellent on account of size or subject, except as we like one or the other best. We have no admiration to bestow on Gifford's fine picture of "Mansfield Mountain," at the expense of Hotchkiss' "Harvesting;" the glow of light and the amplitude of space, the realization of atmosphere, and the idea of an extensive prospect in the former, do not forestall delight while contemplating the exquisite expression of light and atmosphere, at the same hour of the day, in the latter; the ideas suggested by the small composition are expressed with equal power and equal poetry of feeling as those of the large one. The same may be said of the works of Hubbard, of Church, of the Harts, of Dix, of Stillman, of Suydam, of Innes, of Bristol, of Bierstadt, etc., with more or less qualification in regard to completeness of expression. Some landscapes are beautiful again, and reveal a higher order of beauty because they are compositions, or creations. Of such are the works of Kensett—"Glimpse of the White Hills"—and Casilear's "Swiss Scenery," and in many respects those of J. M. Hart. Equally conspicuous with the landscapes referred to above for the portrayal of the same elements of beauty, they add to a greater extent that of superior invention. Their pictures are more ideal, inasmuch as the forms and their arrangement are not controlled by an actual scene, and positive imitation is less apparent in them. An artist of ordinary ability will represent natural objects truly when before them, and utterly fail to make beauty out of them when deprived of his models. He might study in this way for ages, and yet never use nature rightly. Pre-Raphaelitism has done much mischief by giving undue importance to manipulation and to insignificant details; the result is to smother the artist's individuality, or, in other words, the subjective element of Art. External nature being material form, and therefore objective, when nature comes before us in Art reflected by human sentiment, it becomes subjectively visible to us, and, according to our view, more beautiful because radiant with the charm of man's spirit. Subjectivity or individuality (being synonymous terms) is the ballast that prevents an artist from being capsized by critical or theoretical squalls.

The department of figures affords an opportunity to illustrate principles of Art with more precision. There are several figure-subjects that do not go beyond the merit of imitation; some that aim at higher excellences, but which are mere sketches rather than finished Art. Some of the remainder, however, can be used to illustrate a few ideas relative to the value of *subject*. One of the best pictures in respect to Art and the most popular, because presenting familiar aspects of life, is E. Johnson's "Negro Life at the South." Here are several groups of negroes, who are

assembled in the rear of a dilapidated house. We never saw a better rendering of American architectural ruins; the time-worn clapboards and disintegrated bricks, the broken window-sashes, the rotten beams of a dismantled shed, with just enough of a moss-covered roof left to make the sheltered space underneath a receptacle for all kinds of kitchen implements and a lounging-place for dorkies; all these objects are perfectly painted, and in perfect harmony with the characters portrayed. Any one of the groups on this canvas forms a picture by itself. The melancholy banjo-player arrests our attention first, and he is so completely absorbed, it is but natural to look for the effect of his music upon the parties who surround him. Immediately in front we see a knotty-limbed wench and one or two dancing "pickaninnies," and behind these, near the player, a boy completely lost in wonder as he gazes at the musician; off to the right are noisy children, representing that element of a musical party that cannot be made to keep quiet under any circumstances; perhaps they hear the approach of "white folks," as two ladies step out from a garden door on the extreme right to enjoy "Poor Lucy Neal;" leaving these groups, the eye goes to the second story, and, glancing at a cat about to disappear through a broken sash, comes to a mulatto-woman in the adjoining window and her child, the latter seated upon the moss-covered shingles on top of the shed, perfectly alive with infantile glee. This is one of the best episodes of the picture. The only group that appears not to be directly under the influence of external music, but no doubt alive to a better music within, is that of a graceful mulatto-girl on the left, who is listening to the blandishments of a colored gallant, whose face we cannot see, because his back is very poetically and very properly turned upon all the rest of the world. The accessories are in harmony with the subject. A peculiar curly-haired dog in the foreground shows his ownership unmistakably, besides serving the artistic purpose of connecting the groups; and not the least poetical incident on the canvas is that by which we recognize the time of day to be the evening hour, namely, the attitude of a hen on the top of the old shed, who is in the act of springing into a tree where her lord and master has preceded her to select a roosting-place. Although a very humble subject, this picture is a very instructive one in relation to Art. It is conscientiously studied and painted, and full of ideas. Notwithstanding the general ugliness of the forms and objects, we recognize that its sentiment is one of beauty, for imitation and expression are vitalized by conveying to our mind the enjoyment of human beings in new and vivid aspects. We speak of this picture at length, because the Art by which the *beauty* of the subject is conveyed to our minds is of the most excellent description. The picture of "Negro Life at the South" ranks with Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," and is of a kind of Art that will be always popular, so long as lowly life exists to excite and to reveal the play of human sympathy. But "Negro Life at the South" is not "high Art," for the reason that the most beautiful thoughts and emotions capable of Art representation, are not embodied in the most beautiful forms, and in the noblest combinations. Darley's designs are of a higher order, especially No. 78 (misquoted No. 84 in our last number), a scene from the Headsman. For composition, individual character and fidelity of expression—in other words, as a creation of sentiment, we do not know a superior work by the same hand. E. Johnson's drawings are of a much higher order than his large picture; in the repose and beauty of the "Roman Girl," and in the contemplative attitude of "Pastel," the artist

shows greater capacity than in the negro-subject, and shows powers that we hope to see more fully developed.

The exhibition contains two pictures that excite some further remark upon the value of Art-subjects, namely, May's "Dying Brigand" and Lambdin's "Dead Wife." In respect to technical qualities, these pictures are as much to be admired as any pictures in the gallery; the question is, to what extent such subjects are proper for treatment by Art. Keeping in mind the distinction of imitation and expression, the "Dying Brigand" and the "Dead Wife" are unexceptionable successes, but it is a question whether they reveal the sentiment of beauty, which is claimed to be the *true end of Art*. Death, as one of the resources of Art, is admissible and beautiful when the artist subordinates it to some moral or spiritual end. In Leighton's picture of Romeo and Juliet (which our readers will recall to mind), the dead lovers on the bier lead to the reconciliation of the two proud old men who caused their death; in the dead body of Paris there is the sacrifice of life for friendship, and resignation to the will of God is apparent in the person of the kneeling friar; all of these ideas are impressed upon us by the untimely end of the two innocent and unoffending lovers. The combination and effective presentation of these ideas to the mind form the sentiment of the picture. We behold the great spiritual laws of our nature at work even when contravened by our blind and selfish passions; by the side of living but comparatively coarse and brutal natures, we contemplate the lifeless forms of purity and innocence, at once a reproach to and a protest against gigantic evils. Thus contrasted, purity and innocence assume greater beauty, though it is made visible to us through tragedy. Scheffer's "Francesca da Rimini"—a work based upon the treatment of death—is of a still higher order, because a simpler work, more refined in its treatment, more powerfully impressive; its forms are more beautiful, and it expresses a higher idea with fewer materials. As the guilty lovers float along in the gloom of the place of departed spirits, we are only reminded of death by the sign of the wound made by the avenging sword which sent them to eternity. Although clinging to each other in death, a union which was obtained in life only at the price of death, their countenances and relative position express the agony and despair of disappointed hopes; we realize a sense of their eternal wandering in those gloomy shades, while looking at the persons of Virgil and Dante, who stand in mournful contemplation of their blasted existence. A work of art like this, aided by tragedy, impresses us with the beauty of virtue, and its art passes beyond the limits of intellectual analysis. We mention these works as the best at hand to show how death, properly treated, is a warrantable element of Art-resources. The "Dying Brigand" is, in respect to intention, excellent; but the characters chosen to embody it are so degraded in appearance that the beauty of the idea is dimmed by the vulgarity of the means. Both the brigand and the woman are scarcely above animals in expression; the effort of the woman to drag the brigand to the cross appears to be the lowest expression of superstitious fear; the brigand's face shows dogged indifference so powerfully, that we are only conscious of disgust as we look at him, and while acknowledging its technical vigor, we turn away from the work regretting that so much artistic power should have been wedded to such repulsive symbols. Death in this picture impresses us wholly as physical; it is merely an artistic assemblage of material horrors. Death in the "Dead Wife" is of more refined treatment. The picture

excites sympathy, but only that of a common instinct; there is but little in the treatment of the subject to make us feel that death has been sanctified to us, except so far as our thoughts may turn in that direction, from the sight of natural dissolution, and the sundering of natural ties. In regard to pictures of this class, we would not contend that they should not be painted. Some natures require such works; as art they perhaps arrest coarse and ignorant minds whose thoughts need the interposition of gross symbols to arouse dormant feeling. Keeping in mind the different characteristics of the respective eras of civilization, works of this class, as well as those which exhibit illness, physical suffering of any kind, belong to the martyr-school of Art. Their purpose is to excite sympathy in the same way as the pictures which represent St. Sebastian perforated with arrows, or Christ sweating blood. Such subjects are calculated for and abound in ages that mark the decline of Art.

Of the remaining figure-subjects we would mention Rossiter's "Discoverers." Here are the early navigators and explorers of our hemisphere, a subject that appeals to all who cherish patriotic sentiments. The group is well composed, and in its symbols and figures is as suggestive as portrait types could well be. "Don Quixote" is an admirable sketch by Tom. "Burritt's Study," by Mayer is a careful and suggestive composition. The symbols of the learned blacksmith's occupation and character, together with the paraphernalia of his shop, are intelligently applied so as to heighten the effect of the subject; the water-jar, for instance, shows his temperance principles, the book his desire for learning; out of a window we look upon his homestead, and in the blacksmith himself, who is employed in turning old swords into reaping-hooks, we contemplate the sum of all in the great advantages to man of peace and industry. The thought in this picture is rather concealed by its color than otherwise.—In Edmond's picture of "The New Bonnet" is a well-drawn, humorous head of an old man. Blauvelt's perceptions of humorous character are among the best we have.—Dana exhibits the versatility of his powers in "Violets, two sous a bunch," a young girl offering these "heralds of the spring" for sale—an excellent work.—Yewell's "Gamin" is also fine in character and Wood's "Cliffoniere." These pictures evince ability equal to subjects of a higher order. In Mount's works there is evident improvement. In "The Tease" we notice a depth and clearness of tone that is not characteristic of his works in general: we are told it is due to hints furnished by Rembrandt, from the Spirit world.—Lang's "Nydia" and "Beatrice Cenci" show nobler aims than heretofore: we regard the former as most expressive of the feeling of the subject.—Miss Oakley's works are conspicuous for faithful study.

Beard's animal subjects are remarkable for character and humor; Tait's for faithful expression of character; Hay's for fidelity of drawing and manipulation; and Waterman's for composition and steady progress.—Oertel's cattle are, to our mind, his best works.

In the department of Drawing, a head of a child, by Rowse, is one of those beautiful things which inspires one with enthusiasm for Art. The crayon heads by Lawrence are boldly and masterly treated; while Staigg's are conspicuous for delicacy and refinement.

There is a case of Cameos by Thompson that should receive a full share of attention. For skill in finish, for modelling, for the qualities of character and refinement, we know of no works of Art in this line that are superior. And no less beautiful is

the exquisite medallion in marble, called "Girlhood."—Akers contributes two portrait busts of rare excellence; and Jackson, a bust of which we have spoken in previous numbers.

In commenting upon the American School of Art as displayed in our exhibitions, we would not by any means allow our patriotic feeling to get the better of our judgment, and to claim more for it than it is entitled to. Our school has yet a long journey to make before it reaches the perfection of the European schools. If we possess equal powers of expression in landscape art, we have yet to feel the same impulse to study and portray the lights and shadows of human nature, which artists are excited to in closer communities, where there is a more subtle play of human passion and more intense aspiration than exists here. We are not quickened into deep and profound study or feeling by the countless failures of past humanity; we are not compelled to fall back upon the resources of the imagination to compensate us for physical or spiritual suffering of the time being. If our Art is simple and tranquil, it is owing to the fact that we relish and express beauty in those aspects which are kindred to our quiescent state and condition. If we would do more, artists must think more, and the public must become more intelligently sympathetic.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts presents different characteristics from that of the New York Academy. Its galleries contain not only works by native artists, but a very satisfactory representation of European schools, and a large collection of sculpture, embracing modern works, and a fine collection of casts from the antique.

The Philadelphia school (considered in relation to one branch of native Art—that of figures) is unquestionably taking precedence of other cities. A number of young men belonging to Philadelphia have enjoyed facilities for study in Europe, and are not the worse for European influences; they have come back in the possession of the resources of European skill and practice, but with minds free to contemplate and enjoy just those phases of beauty around them which their sympathies have led them to paint, and which the public can appreciate. And they have remained true to their sympathies. Walking around the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy, one may take far more pride and pleasure in the originality of treatment, executive power, and in the ideas conveyed by the subjects of Lambdin, Perry, Furness, Craig, Lawrie, Hazeltine, McClurg, Richards, and others, than in the immense canvas of Wittkamp, or in the unmeaning old masters that keep it company. We are quite aware that one "only paints children," another "only women and children," another "only grasses," another "only portraits," and so on; but we are also aware that what they do paint they paint conscientiously, and that if conscientiousness be adequately appreciated, grander ideas will come as the mind grows, by study and observation, to conceive them.

The following European artists are represented on the walls of the Academy: T. Faed, Guillemin, Meyer, Achenbach, Flamm, Etty, Leu, Calame, Hasenpflug, Windus, Carl Humbert, etc., etc.

Of American works, the portraits by Furness and Laurie, in our opinion, rank with the best in the land. Lambdin exhibits three works, two of them small cabinet pictures which sustain his reputation. That of a Child and Doll is especially noticeable. Perry, with closer study of beauty, as it is to be found in agreeable forms and in composition of lines, would add

greater value to his command of color and drawing. "Snow-birds" is true in sentiment, also "Child on a Door-step." In landscape, Richards exhibits admirable studies; Hazeltine several works that show fine feeling and power; if firmly anchored to nature, his ability would be much more apparent. Weber has three works in the exhibition. "A Scene at Fontainebleau" reminds us of a similar picture in the New York exhibition, which is one of the best landscapes there. May exhibits several works; "Evangeline" is beautiful in color and character.

In the department of sculpture, Wylie has a frame of *alto relievo* heads in ivory that are quite remarkable. One of them is a head of an old man with a flowing beard, and the other a female head, both of which embody the characteristic expression of the subjects with great force. Bartholomew's "Eve" forms one of the attractions of the sculpture gallery, a statue which, in respect to beauty of composition and a sentiment of vitality, is not surpassed by any American work of the same class. Ward's "Indian and Dog" is a complete and masterly statuette; we wish some amateur would show his appreciation of it, and secure its execution in marble or bronze upon a larger scale.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES.

CHURCH's fine picture of the Heart of the Andes has attracted crowds of visitors to the studio building in Tenth street during the past month, and it has proved to be a popular work. This landscape deserves and will repay close study, both on account of its subject, and for certain artistic powers which are rarely displayed so conspicuously and so intelligibly. The picture represents the leading characteristics of South American vegetation, and is intended to impress us with the grandeur of scenery among the Andes. In the background we see snow-covered mountains, and "cloud-capped hills;" in the middle-ground, a valley teeming with tropical richness, spotted with villages, and traversed by a densely-wooded stream, intersected by a waterfall; from this fall the eye comes forward to the foreground, where peculiar trees stand in the midst of luxurious shrubbery, intermingled with brilliant flowers, and with still more brilliant birds and insects. All this material forms an interesting panorama, every square inch of the canvas being covered with nature's statistics, and its result is, in the apparent faithful character of such a multiplicity of objects, to show remarkable perceptive organs, a wonderful memory, and a scientific statement of them by the brush, which puzzles and delights all who wield or admire the capacity of that delicate instrument. But these points of interest in the picture are not the only ones. Although the composition is defective, the general rendering of light is admirable. We cannot say as much for the general effect of color. One of the most beautiful sections of the picture, which is most enjoyable in sections, is that of the sky and clouds; the blue is pure and transparent, and of true celestial depth, while the clouds are delicately and tastefully drawn, and of genuine fleecy lightness. The graceful character of the small trees and of the masses of shrubbery is another point of interest. What the picture lacks is repose and unity. The absence of repose and of unity—or, in other words, concentration of interest—is chiefly due to a lack of space, and to proper subordination of objects. The faint indication of rays which are meant to express atmosphere, do not fulfill their mission; the style of execution, moreover, does not favor the expression of space, as the objects in the distance are painted with as much precision

as in the foreground. The mountains recede by the laws of perspective, and yet are not remote or lofty, simply because the character of nearness is presented instead of that of distance. Were the qualities of space and the relative value of objects better expressed, as satisfactorily as other elements of landscape beauty are, we would be more sensible of the mystery of nature, and find our imagination absorbed by the scene itself, instead of having our mind employed upon an infinity of details.

AN extraordinary pamphlet has appeared called "A Companion to the Heart of the Andes," by a new writer on Art, in whose enthusiasm, doubtless, our readers will find both pleasure and profit. We are only able to quote a few passages. The writer begins by saying:

We of the northern hemisphere have a geographical belief in the Andes as an unsteady family of mountains in South America—a continent where earthquakes shake the peaks and revolutions the people, where giant condors soar and swoop, where volcanoes hurl up orbéd masses of fiery smoke by day, and flare luridly by night, where silver may hang in tubers at the roots of any bush, and where statesmen protocol, and soldiers keep up a runaway fight, for the honor and profit of administering guano.

We are informed, as general principles, that—

A master artist works his way to the core of Nature, because he demands not husks nor pith, but kernel. The inmost spirit of beauty is not to be discerned by dodging about and waiting until the doors of her enchanted castle shall stand ajar. The true knight must wind the horn of challenge, chop down the ogre, garrote the griffon, hoist the portcullis with a petard, and pierce to the shrine, deaf to the blandishments of the sirens. Then, when he has won his bride, the queen, he must lead her beauty forth for the world's wonderment, to dazzle and inspire.

We gain from a noble picture according to our serenity, our pureness, our docility, our elevation of mind. Dolts, fools, and triflers do not get much from Art, unless Art may perchance seize the moment to illuminate them through and through, and pierce their pachyderms with thrills of indignant self-contempt and awakening love. Let no one be diffident. Eyes are twice as numerous as men; and if we look we must see, unless we are timid, and blink. We must outgrow childish fancies; we must banish to the garret our pre-Praxitelite clay-josses, and dismiss our pre-Giottoesque ligneous daubs to the flames. We may safely let ourselves grow, and never fear overgrowth. Why should not men become too large for "creeds outworn?"

After informing us that "an artist feels the warmth of intelligent sympathy as a peach feels sunshine," he says:

Europe has been wretchedly impeded and fettered in Art by worshipping men rather than God, finite works rather than infinite nature, and is now at pains to raze and reconstruct its theories.

—alluding, doubtless, to the war but just begun. In what respect we are superior to Europe the reader is told in the following extract:

The American landscape artist marches at nature with immense civilization to back him. The trophies of old triumph are not disdained, but they are behind him. He is not compelled to serve apprenticeship in the world's garrets of trash for inspiration, nor to koo-too to any fetish, whether set up on the Acropolis or the Capitoline, in the Court of the Louvre, or under the pepper-boxes in Trafalgar Square.

Our space forbids us to draw on this pamphlet to as great an extent as we would like to. We give a list of similes and aphorisms which must end our extracts:

Must we know the torrid zone only through travelled bananas, plucked too soon and pithy? or by bottled anacondas? or by the tarry-flavored slang of forecastle-bred parrots?

Botanists sit there among the ruins of their bust herbariums, and bewail the lack of polysyllabic misnomers for beautiful strangers in the world of flowers.

Any land can see the sun occasionally, but any land cannot see dome mountains of snow. Therefore let the sun retire from this picture, and stand, as we do, spectator; and let us have that moment of day when light is strong and quiet, and shadows deep but not despotical.

Unless a landscape conveys a feeling of the infinite, it is not good for immortals.

Measure that chasm with the eye; into it you might toss Ossa, and see it flounder through the snow and drown; and Pelion upon Ossa would only protrude a patch of its dishevelled poll. Things are done in the large among the Andes.

The reader must remember that the beauty of snowy mountains is a recent discovery.

On the reaches of this savanna is space and flowery pasturage for flocks and herds. Llamas may feed there undisturbed by anacondas. No serpent hugs; no scorpion nips; never a mosquito hums over all this fair realm.

No substitution of trickery for tactics could possibly have drawn up this masterly array of mountain elements. It is thorough knowledge and faithful elaboration of detail that makes this central mass real, and not mythic; a vast, varied pyramid of rock, and not a serrated pancake of blue mud set on edge. This harmonious contrast of sun and shadow, crag and glen, educates the eye, forever to disdain those conventional blotches of lazy generalization—vain pretenders to the royal honors of mountains—which cumber so many landscape backgrounds, and demand as much of the student as if he should be required to construct Hamlet from a ghost, the Tuileries from a tile, or Paradise from a pippin.

These are not woolly clouds, nor fleecy breadths of woolliness; not feathery clouds, nor brooding feathered pinions. They are not curls of animal hair, nor plumes of fowls. Only the morbid will be reminded by them of flocks of sheep, or flights of rocs. They are clouds made of vapor, not of flocculent pulp, or rags, or shoddy. They are no more like either syllabub or dumplings than Mr. Church's air is like lymph, his water like yeast, or his peaks like frosted plum-cake.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

LEUTZE has brought to this city his full-length portrait of the Hon. W. H. Seward, lately painted by him in Washington. The senator is represented as seated at his desk in the senate chamber. The figure presents an animated, dignified aspect; the likeness is satisfactory, and, what is better, the character is fully expressed and truthful. When exposed for study, this picture will, besides other merits, serve to show the controlling power of taste in the employment of accessories. All the objects, the chair, the desk, the walls, are designed and painted with the utmost care, and yet are not in any respect obtrusive. The eye goes at once to the head, where it should go, and rests there, without being irritated by paint, timber, or carpets. The picture belongs to Marshall O. Roberts, Esq. We understand that Mr. Leutze is about to make Baltimore his place of residence, where he has received two or three noble commissions.

PHILADELPHIA.—There seems to be but one opinion in relation to the Artists' Reception, which took place in this city on the evening of the 4th May, and that is of its being a decided success. Those who were present seem to have been delighted, and those who were not seem very solicitous to know when the Reception is to be repeated. It has had the effect in-

tended, for it has led the people to talk of Art and Artists, and the result must be necessarily beneficial.

The exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is more than usually successful, the receipts thus far being at the rate of \$1,000 per week. Considering that there are about 800 stockholders with their families, who have free admission, the amount received for season tickets and single admissions may be considered very large. A greater number of pictures have been sold since the opening than at any previous exhibition.

The Legislature of this State, at its recent session, came near chartering a bogus company under the title of the "National Art Association," for promoting the interests of Art in the United States, by distributing amongst the subscribers, pictures, bronzes, etc., on the principle of an Art-Union. Application was made during the winter by a number of copper-plate printers in this city for a charter in the name of Art, the real object of which was to enable them to work off, under a legal enactment, a stock of old plates; it seemed impossible to get any information on the subject from the parties themselves or the members at Harrisburgh, so that nothing was left but to watch the doings of the Legislature, and if there was anything objectionable in the features of the bill, to try and have the same amended. Accordingly, three days before the adjournment, there was noticed, amongst the proceedings of the Senate, the passage of House-bill No 1005, granting a charter to an institution under the above-mentioned title. Now, as an institution, organized at Washington at the general convention of the artists of the United States, had already adopted the aforesaid title, it was considered as an assumption which might create difficulty and work to the disadvantage of the interests of Art in this country. Accordingly, a letter was immediately dispatched to the Attorney-General at Harrisburg, setting forth the fact that the title adopted by the new association had been previously assumed by the artists in general convention; and secondly that the objects of the new association—so far as understood—did not receive the sanction of any member of that profession, which it was its avowed design to serve; and begging that the Governor be requested to withhold his assent, until an opportunity be afforded for those parties really interested, although not mentioned in the bill, to examine the same, believing that sufficient reasons could be brought forward to induce him to withhold his executive sanction. A few days subsequently, it was ascertained that, although the bill was ready to be signed, the representations made had induced the Governor to return the bill to the house where it originated, with his objections; and they immediately rescinded their former action. This may be regarded as a slight matter; but it is a great triumph of principle: here was an institution gotten up to serve purely commercial ends under the plea of a general good—by diffusing the worst description of Art; for it was based precisely on the principles of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and was intended to supersede it in this community. The bill was finally checked by the representation of an individual who was believed to represent truly the interests of American in contradistinction to general Art. We place these facts on record, for they may be useful in other localities than in Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON.—The President has appointed the following artists to serve as the Commission on Art for the supervision of works of Art for the Capitol-extension: Messrs. Henry K.

Brown, of Washington; James R. Lambdin, of Philadelphia; and John F. Kensett, of New York. It is with no little satisfaction that we record the appointments. The gentlemen selected are, in every respect, qualified for the responsibility intrusted to them, and the circumstance augurs the happiest results for the future interests of Art at the seat of government.

Boston.—Sully's Illustrations of "Robinson Crusoe" are on free exhibition at Messrs. Sowle & Ward's gallery. These pictures, ten in number, are said to be the favorite work of the artist.—On the 13th inst. Hon. R. C. Winthrop delivered at the Music Hall an address in aid of the fund to provide for the erection of an equestrian statue of Washington, after the model of Thomas Ball. Many distinguished guests were present. The Orphean Glee Club kindly furnished the music.

ENGRAVING.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of M. Knoedler, upon the cover, under the head of Goupil & Co., offering to the public a list of superior engravings. We notice among them two subjects by Ary Scheffer (in line), and others by Delaroche, together with examples of Horace Vernet, Rosa Bonheur, Bénéville, etc. (both in lithograph and in the mixed style). France seems to be the only country where line engraving still finds adequate encouragement. We could give no better evidence of the culture and refinement of that people, than is presented in the engravings after the works of Scheffer and Delaroche, that have been issued there of late years. We have talent in this country, but it is wasted on bank-notes.

The present exhibition contains several excellent landscape subjects engraved by James S. Millie, from pictures by Casilear, Shattuck, Tait, etc., for a periodical published by the Methodists, we believe, in the State of Ohio. We desire to express our gratitude to this sect for its liberal enterprise in this respect. About the best wood-engraving and printing that has been done in the country has been executed under the auspices of the Tract Society. Successes like these prove the necessity of Art for religious purposes and good judgment in regard to quality.

Ritchie & Co. have published an admirable head of the late Rev. Dr. Knox, after a portrait by Carpenter. It is one of the best engravings that has been issued here.

N. P. WILLIS, Esq.—An injustice, accountable only through carelessness, was done in our last issue to the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph. In publishing his very interesting essay entitled "Hints how to wear the Beard becomingly," we suffered it to be credited to an English paper called the *Town Talk*, instead of to the *Home Journal*, where Mr. Willis's essay appeared originally. We apologize to Mr. Willis for thus having inadvertently taken away a part of the merit to which his accomplished and active pen is so eminently entitled.

THE ACORN.—Not many months ago we had the pleasure of noticing a periodical entitled "The Acorn," a monthly publication issued by some of our juvenile friends at Newburg, a town upon the beautiful and suggestive banks of the North River. Again do we take up our pen to do similar service, in order to express our congratulations upon the success as well as sympathy for the object of its worthy editors. We have to inform our readers that "The Acorn" is now a quarterly review, and in form and type well calculated for preservation as well as for perusal, and especially legible for elderly people, whose interest

in this youthful enterprise, we dare assert, is much greater than it is for the aberrations of the stock market or for the present war in Italy. If our readers desire to have proof of the poetical taste of the editors, it is apparent in the title of the first number; instead of being called by a commonplace monthly term—the “April” number, for instance—the first number, is called *Spring*, and we take it for granted that *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter* are to follow. We shall, therefore, look out for the remaining numbers of the year; and when winter goes, shall be delighted to hail the advent of another *Spring*, as we are to welcome the appearance of the present one.

ON THE FURNITURE AND DECORATION OF HOUSES.
From “Color and Taste,” by SIR GARDNER WILKINSON.

The arrangement of the interiors of houses is a subject that demands more attention than is generally bestowed upon it in this country. It is not sufficient to confide the matter to those who have accidentally made it a trade; nor is it a great public building alone that requires artistic skill for its decoration. The benefit of good taste should be extended to every private dwelling, and the means of judging of it should be *general* among all classes. The talent it requires is rarely met with among house-decorators, who are generally little qualified by suitable education for their office; but unless a greater degree of taste is possessed by them, or by their employers, there is little prospect of improvement in our mechanically furnished houses. If the architect must be a man of the highest education, the house-decorator should at least possess, besides all the ordinary requirements of his trade, such historical knowledge as will acquaint him with the customs of the times or countries to which various styles of furniture belong; for we are as much offended by a mixture of classical and mediæval objects in a Tudor room, as by some of those modern French figures of Charles Martel, and others who, though they lived before 1000 A. D., appear in the *plate-armor* worn four and five centuries later. He must also have great skill in drawing; a correct eye for proportion, form, and color, and a quick perception of the combination of different objects, so as to be able to group them artistically, and display them with the greatest advantage to themselves, and to the general character of the room. If decorators seldom possess artistic knowledge, and the few who do have little influence on the general mass of the inferior members of their trade, how much less do upholsterers possess it! Were they all properly educated for their calling, we should not be offended at the usual bad taste and discord of color in our dwelling-houses; nor see an unmeaning medley of heterogeneous furniture, like odds and ends accidentally brought together, without the recommendation of intentional and judicious variety. Nor should we find crowds of chairs, sofas, ottomans, and tables, some with thick, others with thin legs, round, or square, or of various shapes and sizes, and for no particular purpose, together with nicknacks, and such a wilderness of things, that their own safety is endangered, as well as that of the many visitors who are frequently crowded into the insignificant and over-furnished apartments of a town-house. Much will of course depend on the character of a room, as this will on the architecture of the house; so that it is difficult to decide upon a style of furniture without considering those conditions. But it may be said that its effect should be sought in judicious contrast, as well as by a due attention to uniformity when the objects are required to match; and that it should be handsome and good in form as well as color, with an entire absence of that meretricious character derived from a profusion of unnecessary ornament. Large pieces of furniture, like large patterns, should be excluded from small rooms; and those of very dark color are objectionable, from their absorbing too much light. In such as are of a higher order, *excellence* should consist in the beauty of well-executed figures and fine carving, rather than in any profuseness of detail: and beautiful woods, and inlaid work, are preferable to an appearance of costliness. Every object should be of good form; and chairs, such as we often see, with distorted legs, and tables rough with whimsical devices in *or-molu*, serv-

ing only to tear ladies' dresses, should be proscribed as being at variance with beauty and common sense.

Inkstands, and other articles of general use, made in the form of Gothic tombstones, with sharp projecting corners, sometimes even with finials and buttresses, have not only the fault of imitating an object made for a totally different purpose, instead of being expressly designed for their own, but are positively offensive, as they threaten to wound every hand that approaches them; and all furniture with unnecessarily sharp corners is open to the same objection.

With regard to tapestry, it is much on a par with old armor—a curiosity rather than an ornament. It was valuable when there was nothing better; and from its warmth it was often found a good covering for the bare walls of old times. But with the many better modes of decorating our modern rooms, it is no longer wanted; its subjects are generally odious in execution and design, sometimes glaring, sometimes dingy in color; and really good compositions are so rare as to be generally beyond the reach of those who may have a fancy to possess them. Tapestry has also the reputation of harboring dust; and this is not an unreasonable objection, unless a fresh set be occasionally substituted, as in Cardinal Wolsey's sumptuous mansions. It is from the caprice of fashion and association, rather than from any real admiration of it, that tapestry is valued. Nor is the Gobelin worth its price; and this would be better spent on a real work of Art. And while admitting the wonderful skill shown in its manufacture, we cannot but confess that it has gone out of its own province, and invaded that of painting, without equalling it by its greatest and most costly efforts.

Until those whose business it is to furnish houses possess the necessary education to fit them for it, no one should give himself up to their caprices; though it may be questioned whether many of their employers have sufficient taste, even if they would take the trouble, to correct the errors daily committed before their eyes. And here we have one of many proofs of the necessity of taste being *general*, and cultivated by all classes.

It is not my intention to give advice respecting the furniture of rooms, or the decoration of houses, either internally or externally; I confine myself to a few passing observations, without pretending to offer any new suggestions on this or any other point; but, in the words of Quintilian, “I shall be delighted if I can say what is right, though it may not be of my own invention,” for my observations are only such as have doubtlessly occurred to many others who have thought upon these subjects.

To the decoration of houses the same rule applies as to that of public buildings; which is, that colored or sculptured ornaments should not extend over the whole surface of the walls and other parts. Some repose is required for the eye. This was well understood by the architects of Greece; and it is of great importance in churches, and other large as well as small edifices. The general effect should be that of broad masses, which, on near approach, may display the minuteness of detail not seen at a distance; and no more ornament should be used than is required, or can be managed with due regard to the expression of the whole. The details should not be too large for the building, or the part they occupy; they should not be crowded; and small uncolored spaces in the midst of colored patterns, or moldings, are agreeable from the relief and variety they afford, both in architecture and ordinary designs.

As a general rule in the ornamentation of a building, minute details should not be permitted to interfere with the effect of the whole, and the extent to which they ought to be worked up must be determined with judgment. Too great minuteness of finish injures the breadth of treatment, so necessary for whatever is to be looked at from a distance; so that it is better in some cases to have a slight indication of detail in the minor parts, than ornaments too highly finished throughout, which might create confusion. This applies equally to external and to internal decoration, and has been very properly set forth by Mr. Ruskin (“Stones of Venice,” vol. i. p. 244).